

NO. 2 TWO LOVELY FREE GIFTS INSIDE

12p

EVERY WEDNESDAY

the **Wonderful** **World of Disney**

FREE!

**PAINTS, BRUSH AND
PICTURE TO COLOUR!**

PLUS

MORE FREE DISNEY CHARACTERS FOR YOUR MOBILE!

Presented with

Wonderful World of Disney



Painta Pic

in watercolour by Coney People
Printed by Gainsborough Press

**ORANGE
PAINT**

THE TALES OF Mother Goose



I give you good day. I'm Mother Goose and every week I am going to tell you an exciting story. I am sure you will love my tales and this week I am going to tell you all about Tommy Two-Shoes.



Tommy Two-Shoes and his sister Goody were two poor little orphans. Goody was the elder and when she grew up she married a very rich Knight. I will tell you more about her at some time in the future. This week I want to tell you about her young brother Tommy. He took a job as a cabin-boy aboard a big sailing ship and went to sea. But his ship was wrecked in a terrible storm and he was cast ashore on a deserted part of the coast of West Africa. Poor Tommy!

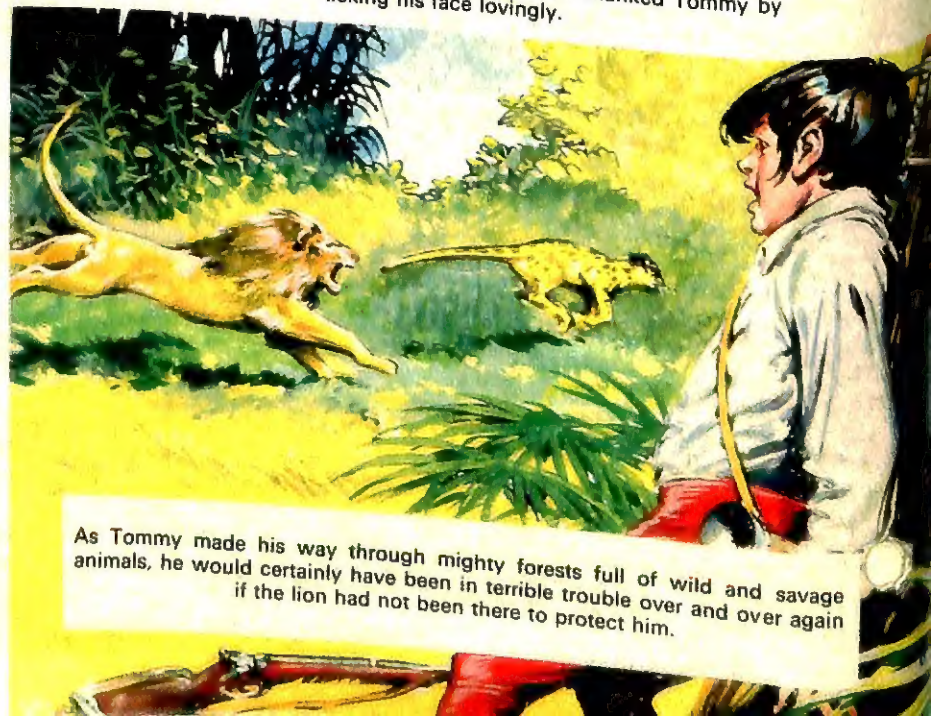


After the storm had died away, Tommy set off to see if he could find any of his shipmates. Alas, although lots of wreckage was scattered everywhere—guns, swords and cases of gunpowder and an old sea-stained book—there was no sign of his friends. Sadly Tommy took a gun, a sword and as much powder as he could carry. Then he tucked the book under his arm and set off to see if he could meet any friendly people. He travelled for days and caught sight of nobody. Then, in the heart of a jungle, he saw a lion licking his paw!



The lion had trodden on a very sharp splinter of wood and it could no longer walk without great pain. Tommy Two-Shoes felt very sorry for the lion and hoping that he had nothing to fear from the poor suffering beast, he stepped forward and pulled the splinter from the great paw. With a roar of delight, the lion thanked Tommy by licking his face lovingly.

Tommy managed to get to his feet at last. Then he patted the lion's head in farewell and set off quickly and determinedly through the forest. A little later he turned his head and was amazed to see that the lion was following him like a pet dog. Indeed, Tommy, as he was very soon to discover, had made a good and faithful friend for life.



As Tommy made his way through mighty forests full of wild and savage animals, he would certainly have been in terrible trouble over and over again if the lion had not been there to protect him.



At last Tommy and the lion (whom he called William because he was such a splendid conqueror) came to the land of Utopia. Here Tommy saw the statue of a man. On the pedestal these words were carved: **ON MAY-DAY IN THE MORNING WHEN THE SUN RISES, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD.** It was now the end of April so Tommy decided to stay and see this wonderful sight. He asked an old shepherd to tell him about the statue.



"It was set up many years ago," explained the shepherd, "by a rich Arab nobleman who had travelled everywhere, searching for a true friend. His travels brought him here and he thought he had found a real friend in the Wise Man of the Mountain who lived on yonder mountain. But at a certain time the Wise Man betrayed him and the Arab lord came to live here. He put up that statue with his own hands. Later he went away forever. Everybody comes here every May morning hoping to see the stone head turn to gold, but nothing ever happens."

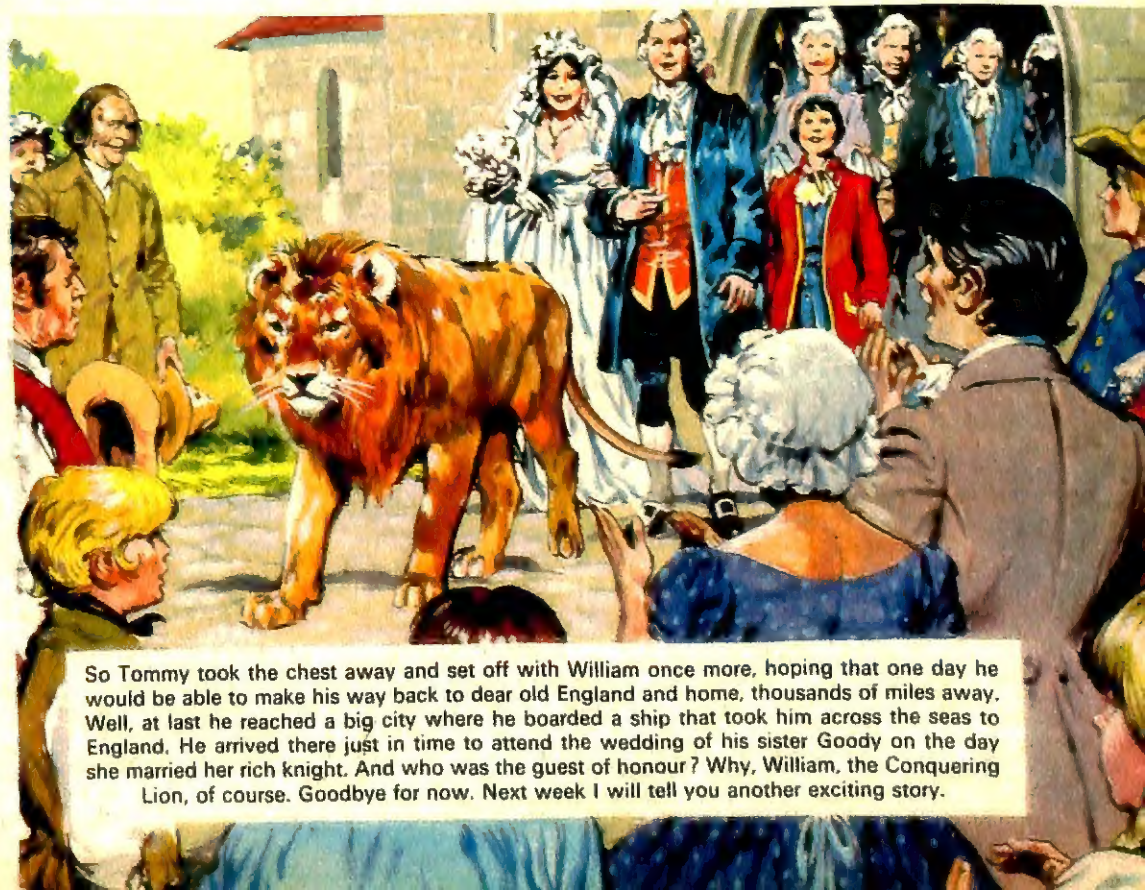


Tommy got up early on the first day of May and when he came near the statue he saw several people. But as soon as he and William drew near, the people all ran away. Unlike the old shepherd (who was so ancient that nothing in the world would ever frighten him again) they were all scared of William the Conquering Lion.



Tommy looked at the statue but saw no change in the stone head. He scratched his nose (Tommy always did this when he was puzzled). "William," said he, "there's something strange here. I think the statue holds a secret." He read the words carved on the pedestal again. Then he looked at the long shadow cast on the ground by the statue. Suddenly he smiled. "I think I know the secret—and I think I know the answer," he said. William felt very proud of his young master.

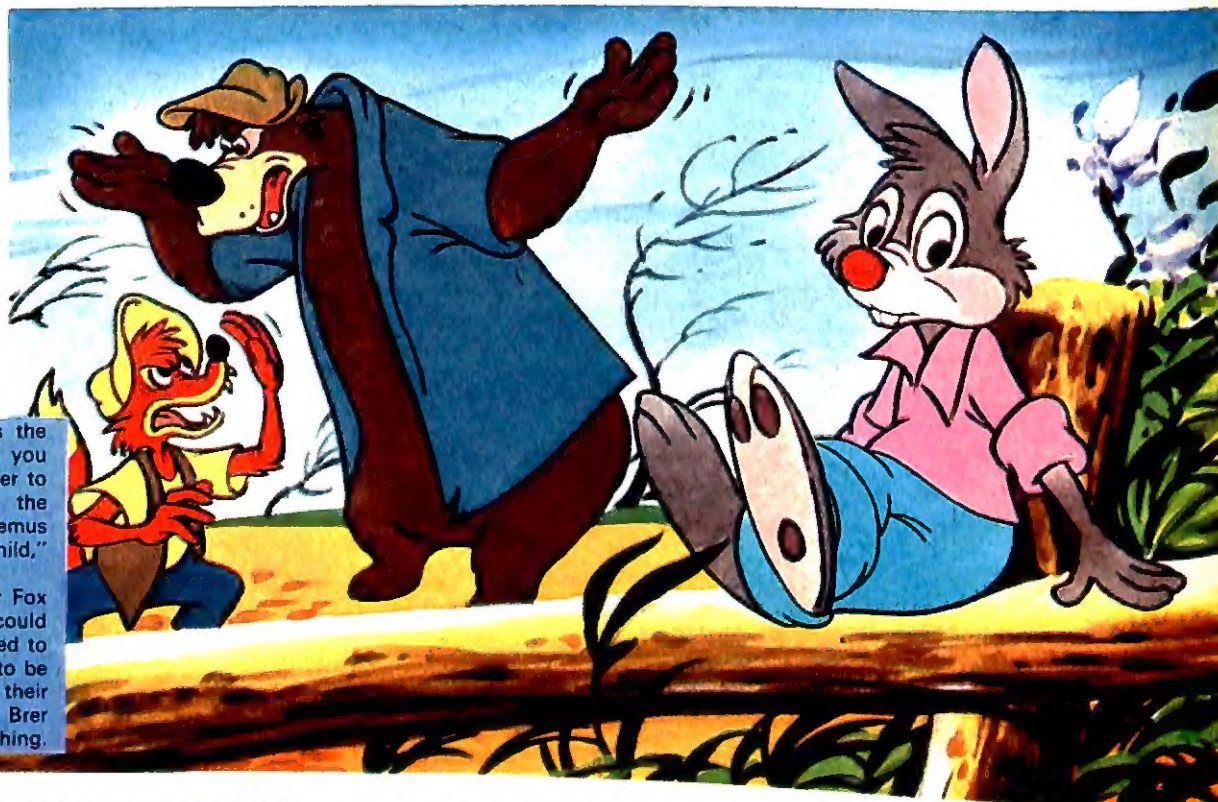
Tommy borrowed a spade from his friend the old shepherd and started digging at the spot where the head of the shadow fell on the ground. He had not dug very deeply before he came upon a chest full of gold pieces. These words were lettered on the lid: "*You are clever, whoever you are. You have discovered the Golden Head. Take it and use it, but use it with wisdom.*"



So Tommy took the chest away and set off with William once more, hoping that one day he would be able to make his way back to dear old England and home, thousands of miles away. Well, at last he reached a big city where he boarded a ship that took him across the seas to England. He arrived there just in time to attend the wedding of his sister Goody on the day she married her rich knight. And who was the guest of honour? Why, William, the Conquering Lion, of course. Goodbye for now. Next week I will tell you another exciting story.

Way down yonder in **BRIAR PATCH**

Every Saturday evening, jolly Uncle Remus tells the little boy a funny story about that cheeky fellow Brer Rabbit and the other animals who live down in Briar Patch.



1. "Let me see now," began Uncle Remus as the sun burned low down the sky. "Did I ever tell you 'bout the time Brer Rabbit took old Brer Fox over to his laughing-place?" "Laughing-place?" said the little boy. "What's a laughing-place?" Uncle Remus chuckled. "Make yourself comfortable, honey child," said he, "and I'll tell you right away."

Seems like one windy day Brer Bear and Brer Fox got to arguing and quarrelling as to which one could laugh the loudest. Well, sure 'nough, one word led to another and soon it looked like there was going to be a free fight, a rumpus and a riot. They both got their bristles up and their eyes went red with anger. Brer Rabbit was there but he just sat there and said nothing.



2. At last, Brer Bear and Brer Fox quit their quarrelling and yacking, they did, and they both agreed that they'd meet somewhere some day when the weather got better and try their hand at laughing, just to see which one could out-laugh the other. Then they named the day and asked Brer Rabbit to come along and see if he could out-laugh them. But Brer Rabbit, he said he wouldn't be along because he could laugh well enough to suit himself and his family. Besides, said he, he didn't care about laughing 'less there was something for to laugh at.



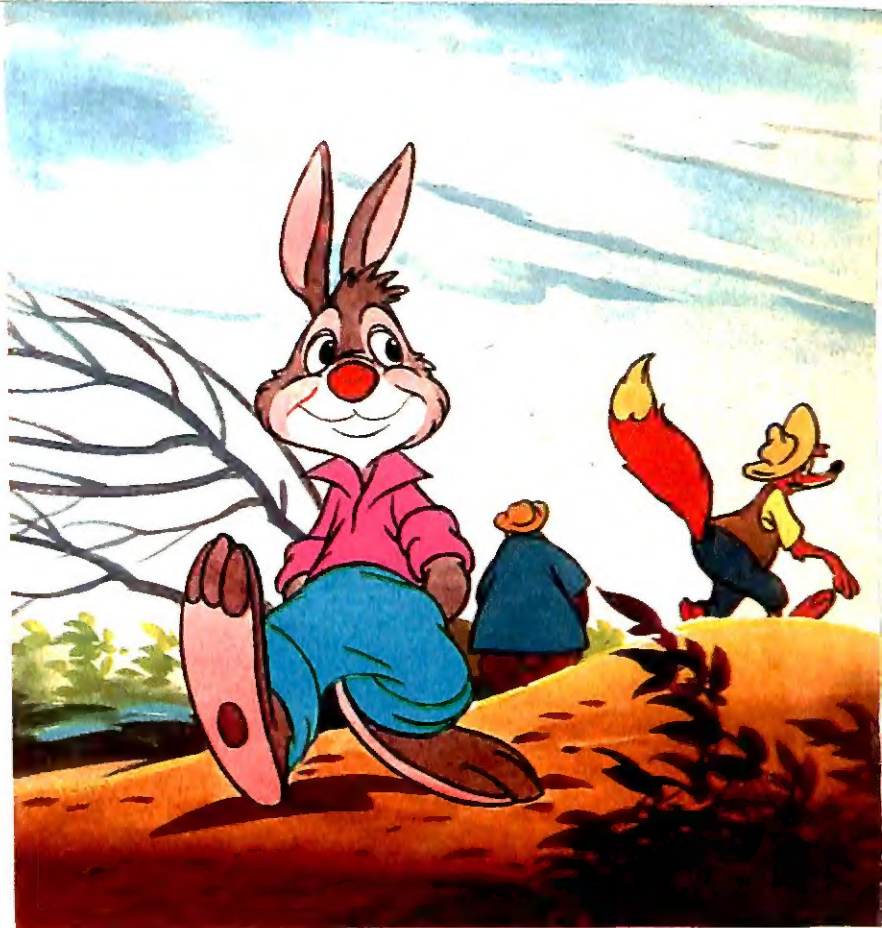
3. Well, Brer Bear and Brer Fox, they begged him to come along and try his hand at laughing but he shook his head, he did, and he wiggled his whiskers and said that when he wanted to laugh he'd got a special laughing-place to go to where he wouldn't be pestered by everybody else in the world. He said that he could go there and laugh his fill and then go about his business, if he'd got any business, and if he hadn't got any business he'd go and play. Brer Bear and Brer Fox talked to each other and they wondered and wondered how Brer Rabbit could have a laughing-place when they didn't. And all the time Brer Rabbit just sat there and smiled and looked at the sky and thought how Brer Fox was always trying to play nasty tricks on him.

4. Now, the other two, they didn't know what to make of all this and when they asked him how come he had a laughing-place and they didn't, he said that he reckoned it was just the difference between one creature and another. He asked them to look at human folks, how different they were, let alone animals. One man would be rich, another man would be poor and he asked them how did that happen? Brer Bear and Brer Fox thought about that, they did, and not knowing the answer they asked Brer Rabbit if he'd tell them the way to his laughing-place and how they'd know it was a laughing-place when they got there.





5. Brer Rabbit scratched his head then and made out like he was giving the matter a lot of thought. Then he said that if he did let the others see his laughing-place they'd have to go there one at a time and they'd have to do just like he said or otherwise they might get the notion it was a crying-place. They both agreed and then Brer Rabbit asked who should be first and they started arguing again so Brer Rabbit, he twirled his whiskers and said: "The more I think about who'll be the first one, the more I get the idea it ought to be Brer Fox. He's lived here as long as you have, Brer Bear and he's pretty well thought of by his neighbours and I've never heard anybody breathe a breath against him." But while Brer Rabbit said this he thought: "But Brer Fox is always wanting me as a rabbit stew."



6. Then old Brer Bear said he'd had Brer Fox in mind all the time but somehow he couldn't come right out with saying that and then went on to say that if he had had to agree on somebody, that somebody would sure have been Brer Fox. Then after that it was all plain sailing. Brer Rabbit said he'd meet Brer Fox at such and such a place at such and such a time and after that there was no more to be said so they all went to their various homes. And Brer Rabbit thought again about all those nasty tricks Brer Fox was always trying to play on him.



7. Well now, Brer Rabbit made a soon start for to go to the point where he had promised to meet Brer Fox but soon as he was, Brer Fox was there before him. He said he was ready and waiting for to go and see the great laughing-place Brer Rabbit had been talking about. Brer Rabbit said that that would suit him to a gnat's heel and off they went. Soon they came to a place where there were a lot of prickly bamboo briars and blackberry bushes growing and Brer Fox said: "Is this the place? I don't feel no more like laughing now than I did before I came."

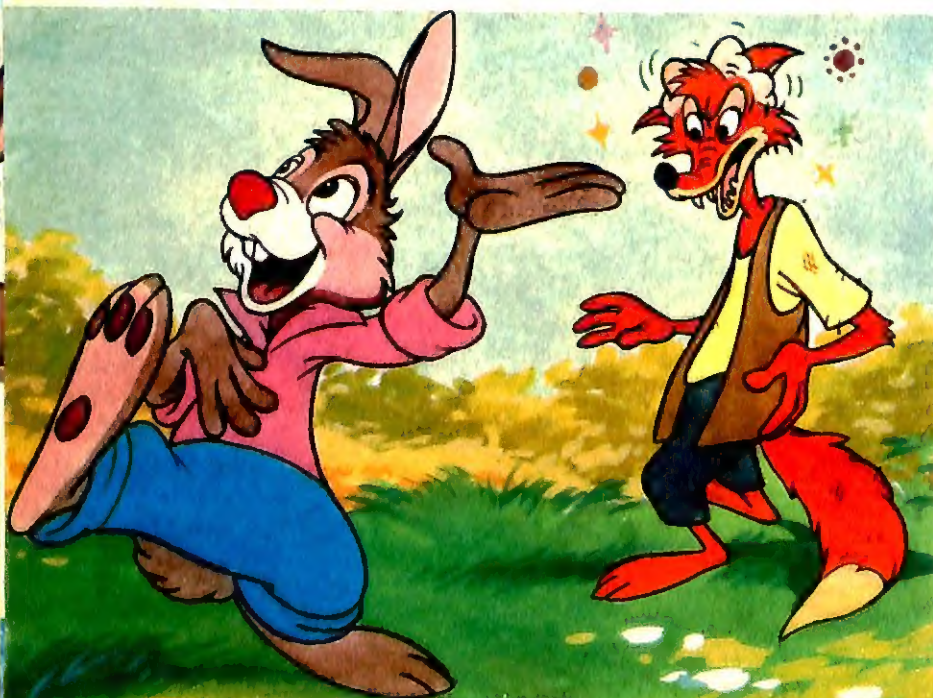
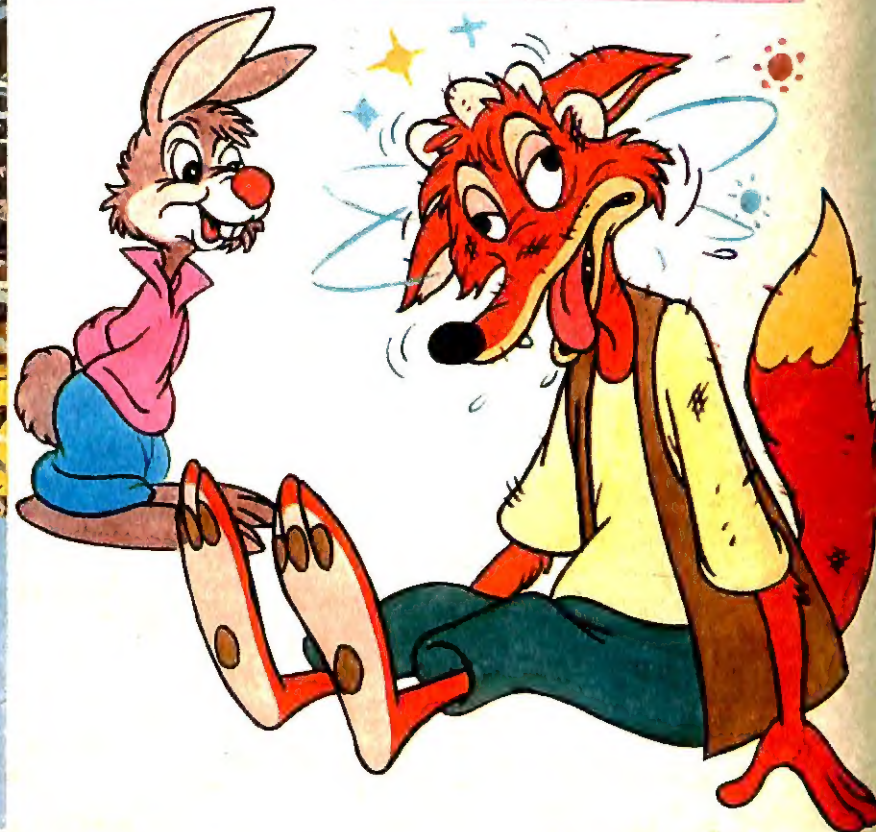


8. Brer Rabbit said: "Just keep your jacket on, Brer Fox, 'cause if you want to do some old-time laughing, you'll have to do just like I tell you. If you don't want to laugh, then we'll just go home and never no mind." But Brer Fox said in a hurry that he'd come to see Brer Rabbit's laughing-place and he'd stay. Brer Rabbit then said that the game was to run full tilt through the prickly bushes and then run back, then through 'em again and back, and he'd bet a tin of tobacco against a ginger cake that by the time Brer Fox had finished he'd be so tickled he couldn't stand up for laughing.



9. Brer Fox shook his head. He could hardly believe what Brer Rabbit said but for all that he made up his mind to do what Brer Rabbit said, in spite of the fact that before he left home his missus had told him that he'd better keep his eyes open in case Brer Rabbit played a crafty trick on him. He took a running start, he did, and he went through those prickly bushes like he was running a race. He ran and came back running, and he ran back and this time he struck something with his head. He tried to dodge but he saw it too late and he was going too fast. He struck it, he did, and then he fetched a howl you could have heard a mile away and he hollered yap, yap and ouch, ouch, ouch, and yow, yow, yow and while this was going on, Brer Rabbit was thumping the ground with his foot and laughing fit to bust, 'cause Brer Fox had banged into a whopping big nest of hornets.

10. Brer Fox ran round and round and kept on snapping at himself and doing like he was trying to tear his hide off. He ran and he rolled, and he hollered and he bellowed, he yelped and he squalled. He got still after a while but the stiller he got, the worse he looked. His head was all swollen up and he looked like he'd been run over in the road by a four-mule wagon 'cause those hornets had stung him and stung him and stung him again. Brer Rabbit said: "I'm sure glad you had such a good time, Brer Fox. I'll have to bring you here again. You sure acted like you were having fun." But never a word said Brer Fox in reply. He was too furious to talk.



11. So Brer Rabbit went on: "You ripped 'round in there till I was scared you were going to hurt yourself. In fact, you must have gone and bumped your head against a tree 'cause it's all swelled up. You'd better go home, Brer Fox, and let your missus tend to you." Brer Fox showed his teeth and said: "You said this was a laughing-place," and Brer Rabbit replied: "I said this was *my* laughing-place and I'll say it again. What do you reckon I've been doing? I thought you were having a mighty big time in there and I've been laughing like I never laughed before." Brer Fox scowled and he growled. "I'll let you know I ain't been laughing," he said. So Brer Rabbit left him and went home. And all the way he sang this song: "He ran to the East and he ran to the West, And he jammed his head in a hornets' nest!"

12. And old Brer Fox stood and watched him go. "You laugh and enjoy yourself as much as you can, Brer Rabbit, said he, "for one day I'm sure going to catch you good and proper when you just ain't looking and when I do, you better look out. Yes, sir, you sure had better look out." Then he made week. Every now and then Brer Rabbit looked in on him and asked him: "Are you still having fun, Brer Fox?" But Brer Fox answered never a word.



NURSERY RHYMES - Old and New

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under a haystack, fast asleep!



Though Sleepy's in charge of the cow and the sheep.
That dreamy old fellow has fallen asleep!
"Disgraceful!" snaps Grumpy. "Disgraceful, I say!"
"Just look at him hiding behind all that hay!"

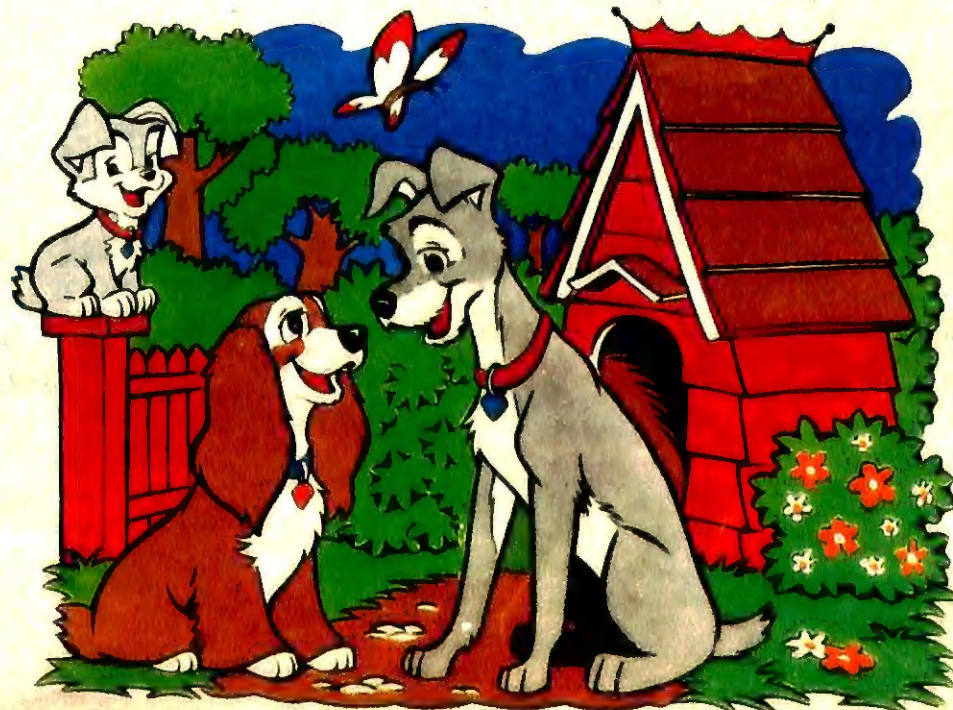
But Sneezy, he gets such a sneezing attack!
ATISHOO! ATISHOO! Away goes the stack!
Now Sleepy can't hide behind hay anymore.
He'll just have to find some place *other* to snore!



HOW TO USE OUR WATERCOLOUR PAINTS ON YOUR DISNEY PICTURE

With the four paints you will be able to colour your Disney picture in the same colours as those shown on this guide.

Just dip your brush into a small pot of water and paint those parts of the picture shown in blue. Try not to paint too thickly, and always paint up to the lines, but do not go beyond them otherwise the colours will run into each other. Finish painting in blue and then wash the brush thoroughly before starting the next colour.



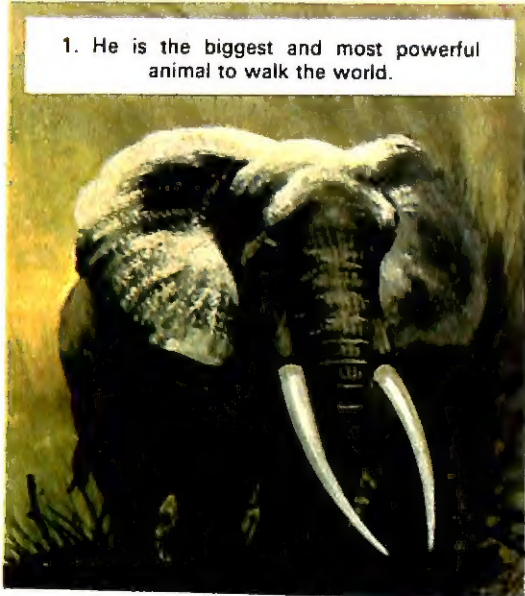


ANIMALS OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

THIS WEEK:
**THE
ELEPHANT**

Do you know the little fellow on the left? It's Dumbo, the baby elephant, isn't it? And he's one of Walt Disney's lovable little cartoon heroes. But what about the real elephant? What do you know of him?

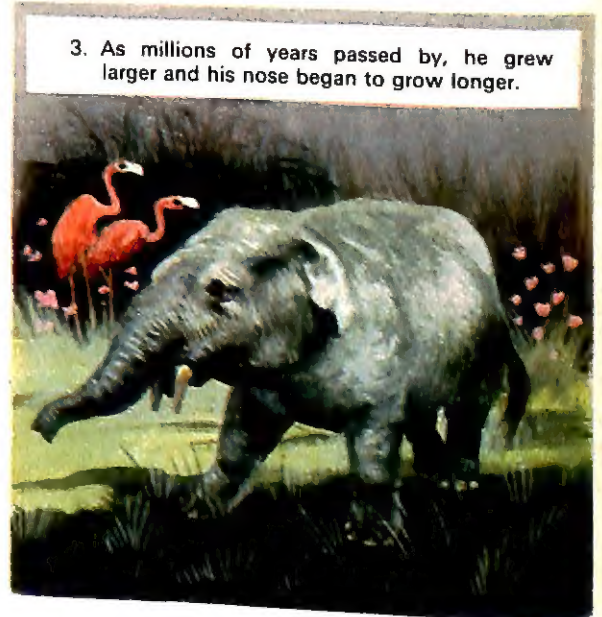
1. He is the biggest and most powerful animal to walk the world.



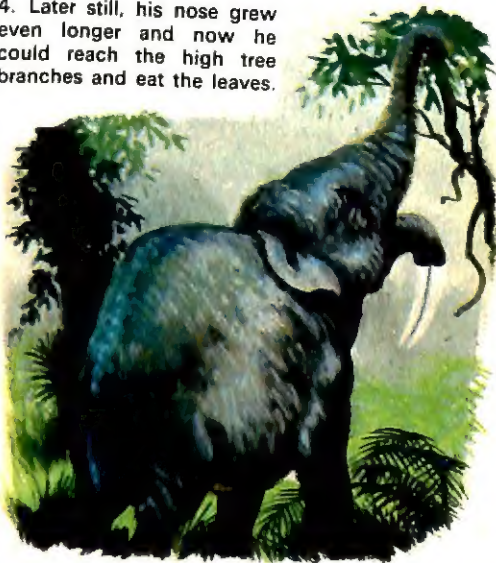
2. In the long, long ago his ancestor looked like a small pig—with no trunk and no tusks.



3. As millions of years passed by, he grew larger and his nose began to grow longer.



4. Later still, his nose grew even longer and now he could reach the high tree branches and eat the leaves.



5. He had also been growing bigger and bigger. Then he grew great big tusks about nine feet long. These animals were called mastodons.



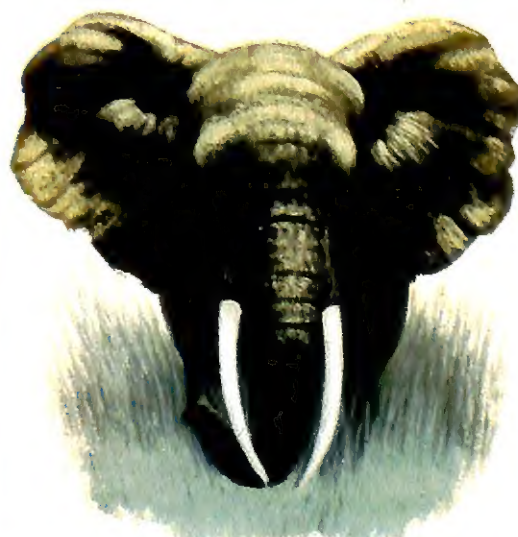
6. Then the weather everywhere turned very cold and there was snow



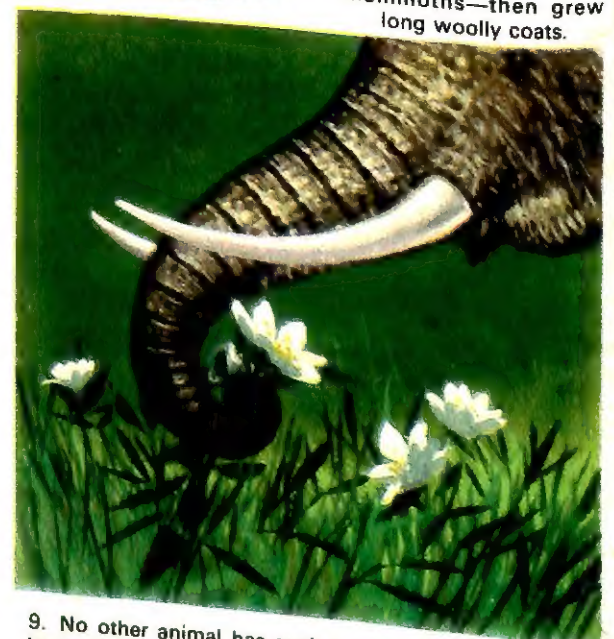
and ice everywhere for thousands of years. The early elephants—called mammoths—then grew long woolly coats.



7. Elephants are descendants of the mammoths and today they live mostly in Africa and India. The African elephant has much bigger ears than the Indian elephant.



8. The elephant needs those large ears because his eyes are so small and weak. And when the weather is hot he flaps his huge ears and this helps him to keep cool.



9. No other animal has such a beautiful trunk. Do you know it has forty thousand muscles? The trunk is so useful that the mighty elephant is able to pluck even a tiny flower...



10. ... and he can pull a giant tree out of the ground, roots and all.

11. He sucks water up his trunk and then squirts it into his mouth to quench his thirst or to give himself a shower.



12. When baby elephant is naughty, Mother spansks him with her trunk.



13. To cross a river the elephant pokes his trunk above water and breathes through it.

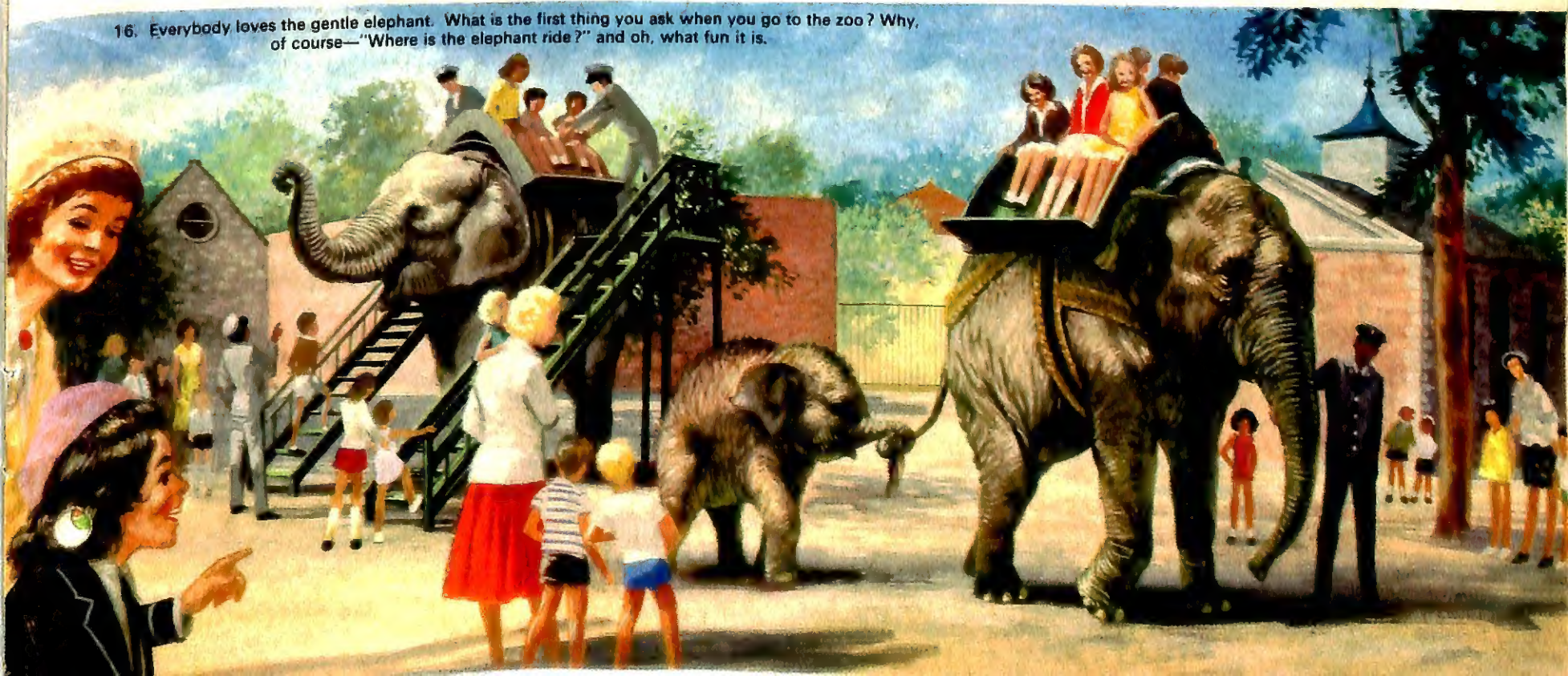


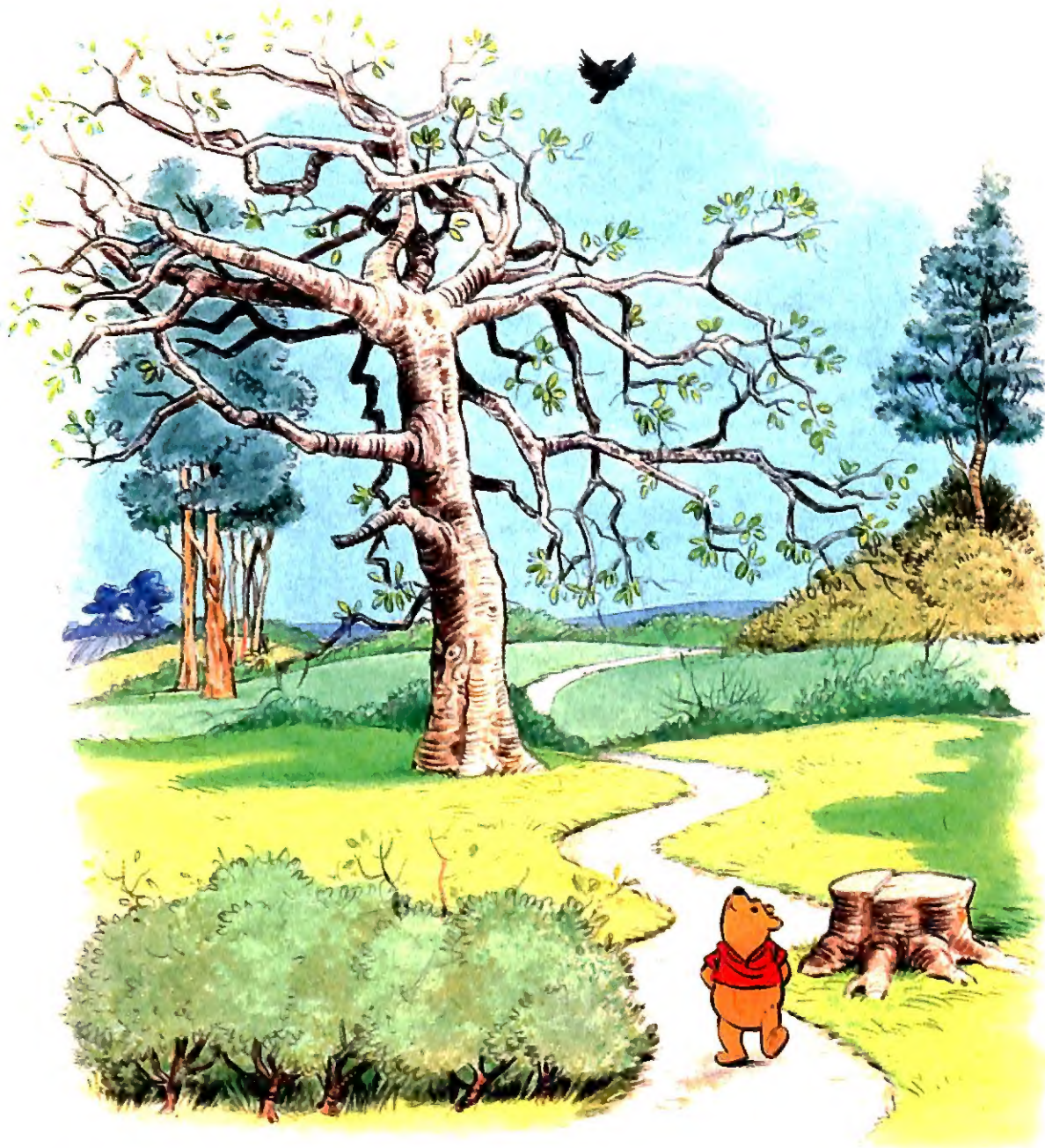
14. As for those splendid ivory tusks, they come in handy should the elephant be attacked by an enemy such as the lion.



15. The elephant is very, very heavy—over six tons. He does not lie down for several years. If he did he might not be able to get up again. He sleeps resting against a tree.

16. Everybody loves the gentle elephant. What is the first thing you ask when you go to the zoo? Why, of course—"Where is the elephant ride?" and oh, what fun it is.





Edward Bear, known to his friends as Winnie-the-Pooh, or Pooh for short, was walking through the Forest one day, humming proudly to himself. He had made up a little hum that very morning, as he was doing his Stoutness Exercises in front of the glass: *Tra-la-la, tra-la-la*, as he stretched up as high as he could go, and then *Tra-la-la, tra-la—oh, help!—la*, as he tried to reach his toes. After breakfast he had said it over and over to himself until he had learnt it off by heart, and now he was humming it right through, properly. It went like this:

*Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.*

Well, he was humming this hum to himself, and walking gaily along, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being somebody else, when suddenly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large hole.

"Aha!" said Pooh. (Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.) "If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit," he said, "and Rabbit means Company," he said, "and Company means Food and Listening-to-Me-Humming and such like. Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um."

So he bent down, put his head into the hole, and called out:

"Is anybody at home?"

There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then silence.

"What I said was, 'Is anybody at home?'" called out Pooh very loudly.

"No!" said a voice; and then added, "You needn't shout so loud. I heard you quite well the first time."

"Bother!" said Pooh. "Isn't there anybody here at all?"

"Nobody."

Winnie-the-Pooh took his head out of the hole, and thought for a little, and he thought to himself, "There must be somebody there, because somebody must have said 'Nobody.'"

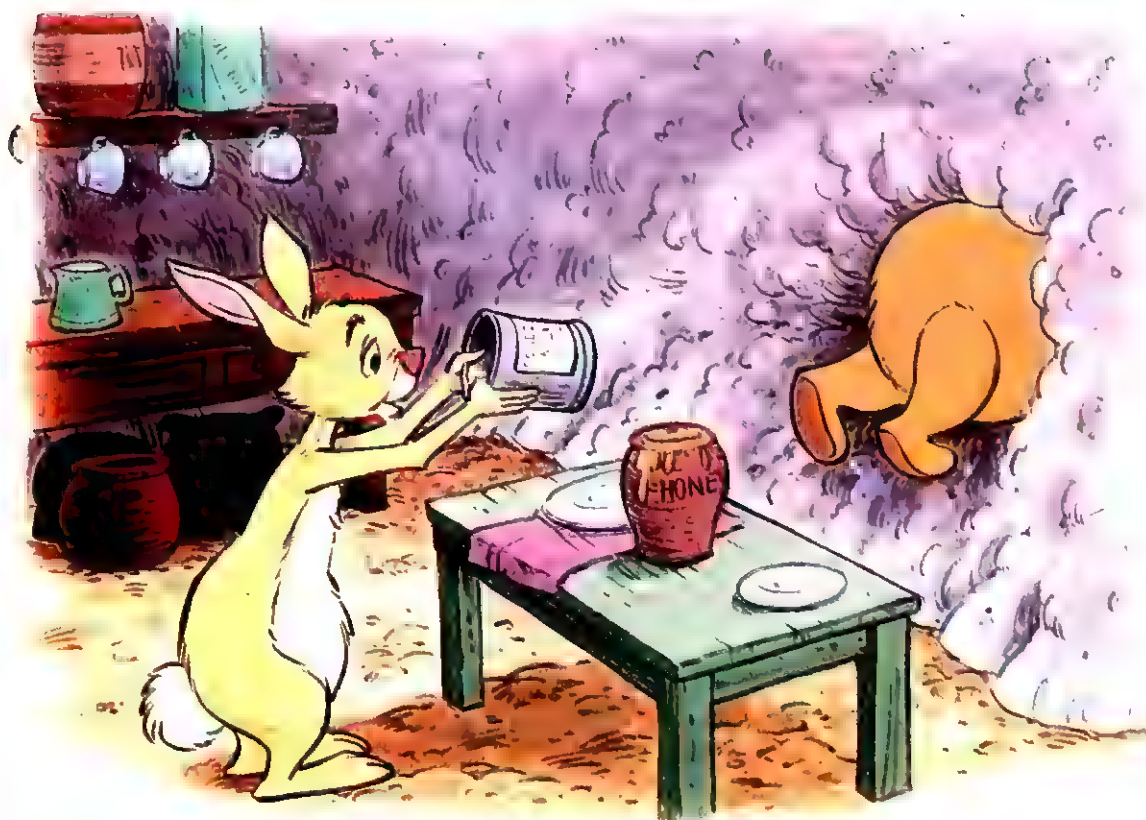
So he put his head back in the hole, and said: "Hallo, Rabbit, isn't that you?"



WINNIE- the-Pooh

Pooh goes visiting and
gets into a tight place

Written by A. A. MILNE



"No," said Rabbit, in a different sort of voice this time.

"But isn't that Rabbit's voice?"

"I don't *think* so," said Rabbit. "It isn't *meant* to be."

"Oh!" said Pooh.

He took his head out of the hole, and had another think, and then he put it back, and said:

"Well, could you very kindly tell me where Rabbit is?"

"He has gone to see his friend Pooh Bear, who is a great friend of his."

"But this *is* Me!" said Bear, very much surprised.

"What sort of Me?"

"Pooh Bear."

"Are you sure?" said Rabbit, still more surprised.

"Quite, quite, sure," said Pooh.

"Oh, well, then, come in."

So Pooh pushed and pushed his way through the hole, and at last he got in.

"You were quite right," said Rabbit looking at him all over. "It *is* you. Glad to see you."

"Who did you think it was?"

"Well, I wasn't sure. You know how it is in the Forest. One can't have *anybody* coming into one's house. One has to be *careful*. What about a mouthful of something?"

Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs; and when Rabbit said, "Honey or condensed milk with your bread?" he was so excited that he said, "Both," and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, "But don't bother about the bread, please." And for a long time after that he said nothing . . . until at last, humming to himself in a rather sticky voice, he got up, shook Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on.

"Must you?" said Rabbit politely.

"Well," said Pooh, "I could stay a little longer if it—if you—" and he tried very hard to look in the direction of the larder.

"As a matter of fact," said Rabbit, "I was going out myself directly."

"Oh well, then, I'll be going on. Good-bye."

"Well, good-bye, if you're sure you won't have any more."

"Is there any more?" asked Pooh quickly.

Rabbit took the covers off the dishes, and said, "No, there wasn't."

"I thought not," said Pooh, nodding to himself. "Well, good-bye. I must be going on."

So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was out

in the open again . . . and then his ear . . . and then his front paws . . . and then his shoulders . . . and then—

"Oh, help!" said Pooh. "I'd better go back."

"Oh, bother!" said Pooh. "I shall have to go on."

"I can't do either!" said Pooh. "Oh help *and* bother!"

Now, by this time Rabbit wanted to go for a walk too, and finding the front door full, he went out by the back door, and came round to Pooh, and looked at him.

"Hallo, are you stuck?" he asked.

"N-no," said Pooh carelessly. "Just resting and thinking and humming to myself."

"Here, give us a paw."

Pooh Bear stretched out a paw, and Rabbit pulled and pulled and pulled . . .

"Ow," cried Pooh. "You're hurting!"

"The fact is," said Rabbit, "you're stuck."

"It all comes," said Pooh crossly, "of not having front doors big enough."

"It all comes," said Rabbit sternly, "of eating too much. I thought at the time," said Rabbit, "only I didn't like to say anything," said Rabbit, "that one of us was eating too much," said Rabbit, "and I knew it wasn't *me*," he said. "Well, well, I shall go and fetch Christopher Robin."

Christopher Robin lived at the other end of the Forest, and when he came back with Rabbit, and saw the front half of Pooh, he said, "Silly old Bear," in such a loving voice that everybody felt quite hopeful again.

"I was just beginning to think," said Bear, sniffing slightly, "that Rabbit might never be able to use his front door again. And I should *hate* that," he said.

"So should I," said Rabbit.

"Use his front door again?" said Christopher Robin. "Of course he'll use his front door again."



"Good," said Rabbit.

"If we can't pull you out, Pooh, we might push you back."

Rabbit scratched his whiskers thoughtfully, and pointed out that, when once Pooh was pushed back, he was back, and of course nobody was more glad to see Pooh than *he* was, still there it was, some lived in trees and some lived underground, and—

"You mean I'd *never* get out?" said Pooh.

"I mean," said Rabbit, "that having got so far, it seems a pity to waste it."

Christopher Robin nodded.

"Then there's only one thing to be done," he said. "We shall have to wait for you to get thin again."

"How long does getting thin take?" asked Pooh anxiously.

"About a week, I should think."

"But I can't stay here for a *week*!"

"You can *stay* here all right, silly old Bear. It's getting you out which is so difficult."

"We'll read to you," said Rabbit cheerfully.

"And I hope it won't snow," he added. "And I say, old fellow, you're taking up a good deal of room in my house—*do* you mind if I use your back legs as a towel-horse? Because, I mean, there they are—doing nothing—and it would be very convenient just to hang the towels on them."

"A week!" said Pooh gloomily. "*What about meals?*"

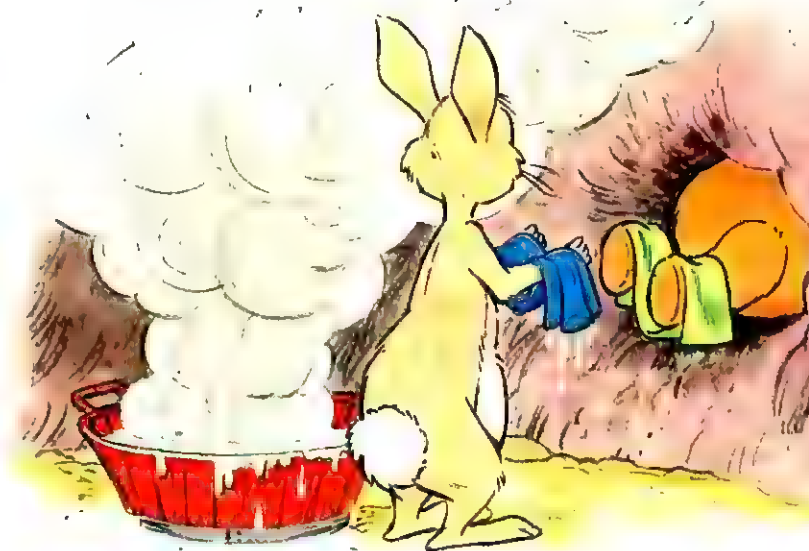
"I'm afraid no meals," said Christopher Robin, "because of getting thin quicker. But we *will* read to you."

Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck; and a tear rolled down his eye, as he said:

"Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?"



So for a week Christopher Robin read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh, and Rabbit hung his washing on the South end . . .



and in between Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer. And at the end of the week Christopher Robin said, "*Now!*"

So he took hold of Pooh's front paws and Rabbit took hold of Christopher Robin, and all Rabbit's friends and relations took hold of Rabbit, and they all pulled together. . .

And for a long time Pooh only said "*Ow!*" . . . And "*Oh!*" . . .

And then, all of a sudden, he said "*Pop!*"

just as if a cork were coming out of a bottle.

And Christopher Robin and Rabbit and all Rabbit's friends and relations went head-over-heels backwards . . . and on the top of them came Winnie-the-Pooh—free!

So, with a nod of thanks to his friends, he went on with his walk through the forest, humming proudly to himself. But Christopher Robin looked after him lovingly, and said to himself, "*Silly old Bear!*"



Does your back ever itch? If it does, what do you do about it? Baloo was stuck for an answer until he met Mowgli.

THE VERY ITCHY BACK OF BALOO THE BEAR



1. It was a steaming hot day in the jungle and little Mowgli was trotting down the path that led to the wide cool river for a swim before sitting down to his noon-day meal of bananas and coconut milk. He was only a few yards away from the river when he bumped into his friend, mighty Baloo the bear. "You're just the fellow to help me," smiled Baloo, grabbing Mowgli and raising him in his strong arms. "Mowgli, I've got an itchy back." But Mowgli said: "Let me go please, Baloo, I'm in a hurry. I want to go swimming."



2. Baloo sat Mowgli down on the ground. "Can't you spare a moment for an old friend, Mowgli?" said he. "Why, only the other day I chased away that crafty tiger Shere Khan when he was after you?" "You did, indeed, Baloo," replied Mowgli, "so how can I help you?" "Tell me what I can do for an itchy back," said Baloo. "My back! It itches by day, it itches by night. Oh dearie me, I *am* in a plight." "Now you sound like Goofy. He likes talking poetry," chuckled Mowgli. "Poetry it might be but it's no joke," sighed Baloo. "These hot nights are very bad for itchy backs and I'm not sleeping very well." Indeed poor Baloo was feeling quite unhappy.



3. "I'm off my food as well," went on Baloo. "I've only eaten five hundred and fifty-four bananas today instead of my two thousand and two." "Let me see if I can help," said Mowgli and he climbed on to Baloo's back and started scratching it. "Not bad, not bad at all," murmured Baloo, closing his eyes with pleasure. "But you can't ride around all day on my back, scratching me, can you? Any other bright ideas? And while you think please keep on scratching me!"

Mowgli looked round and there not far away was a sturdy tree with a very rough spiky trunk. His face brightened. "Baloo," said he, "I've had an idea that will solve your problem. Just place your back against that tree and rub it up and down. I bet that will stop your back from itching."



4. Well, that is just what lovable Baloo did while Mowgli went for his swim. He rubbed his back up and down against that tree for three hours and when he had finished his back itched no longer. "That Mowgli's such a clever chap. Tonight I'll have a peaceful nap," said Baloo. And then: "Hey, I'm speaking poetry again!"

MICKEY *and the* BEANSTALK

The magic Singing Harp had been mysteriously stolen and all good fortune and jollity had disappeared from Happy Valley. Times were very hard for everyone, especially so for three poor farmers named Mickey, Goofy and Donald, whose crops had shrivelled and wasted away. These three farmers were now down to their last crust of bread. "What now?" sighed Mickey.



1. Mickey exchanged Buttercup their cow for some magic beans and during the night the beans took root and grew into a giant beanstalk, carrying the three chums and their little shack way above the clouds to Giantland.

Suddenly the friends smelled delicious Raspberry Pie as they neared a huge castle. "Raspberry Pie! That's for I!" said Goofy who liked speaking poetry all the time.

At last only a wide moat separated them from the castle. Mickey found a giant pea-pod which made them a splendid boat and away they paddled, towards the castle. They were about half-way across and Goofy was just chuckling "Afloat, afloat, in a pea-pod boat, let's float, let's float on the castle moat," when they heard a TRE-MENDOUS voice bellowing: "Fee-fi-fo-fum! I've got an empty tum! Fo-fum-fee-fi! I want some Raspberry Pie! A very big one!"

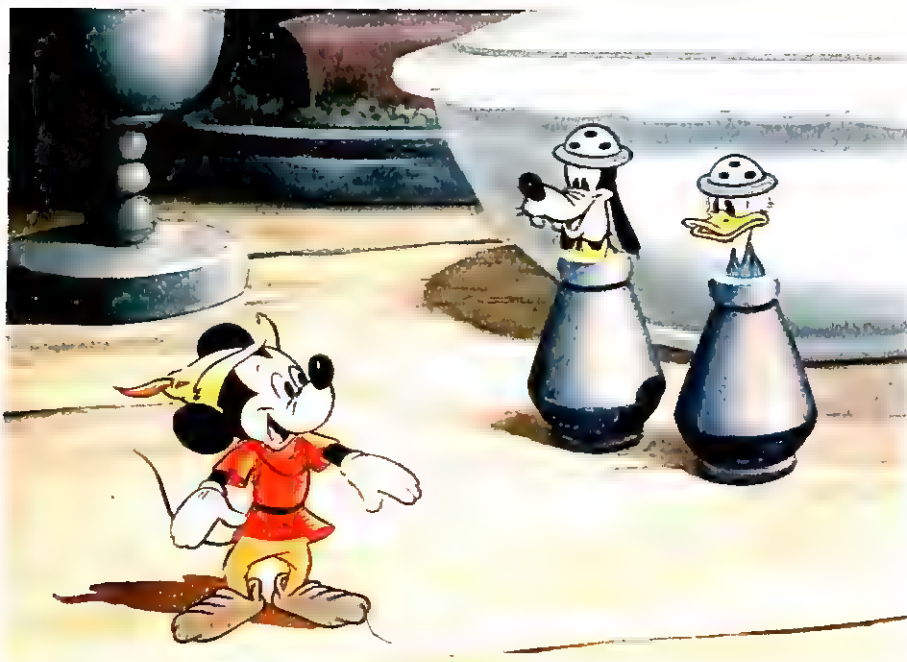
The three chums nearly jumped out of the pea-pod boat, they were so startled.

2. "Bub-bub-bless my hat! I don't like that!" wailed Goofy "What a simply awful row! I wonder what will happen now?" But brave Mickey replied "We're too hungry to turn back, so we'll keep our heads down and keep paddling."

Reaching the other side of the moat, the three pals clambered out of their pea-pod boat and found themselves at the foot of a long stairway of stone. Up the stairs they clambered and at last entered the castle itself. There before them was the answer to their dreams—a huge table loaded with wonderful things to eat—all sorts of goodies and a big Raspberry Pie!

Well, you can guess what happened next, can't you? Those hungry chaps climbed up the tall legs of the table and ate and ate and ate. In fact, they completely finished the Raspberry Pie. Then a big bowl of hot sugary peas caught Goofy's eyes and he couldn't resist helping himself to a knifeful although he had always been taught never to eat peas with a knife.





3. At long last, our three adventurers had to admit that they were full up and couldn't eat any more. "Pickle my bedsocks!" gasped Donald. "I don't think I could eat another mouthful." "He, he, for me just one more pea!" chirruped Goofy, tossing a pea in the air and catching it neatly in his mouth. Mickey smiled. "We haven't been so happy for a long, long time," he said. "Let's have a little party and play games. What shall we play first?"

"It's many a long and hungry week since last we played some hide-and-seek," said Goofy with a chuckle.

So full of fun (and lots and lots of tasty food!), the chums played hide-and-seek. Donald and Goofy hid first and it took Mickey a long time to find them. He searched back and forth across that huge table and then he heard a loud "Ah-ah-ah-TISHOO!"

The sneeze came from inside a big pepper-pot. Sure enough Donald had hidden himself inside while Goofy had safely stowed himself away in a salt cellar.

4. It was as they popped their heads out and Mickey began to laugh that again they heard that bellowing voice, the same ear-splitting voice that had startled them so much as they were crossing the moat in their pea-pod boat. And that mighty voice was singing: "*Fee- fi- fo-fum! I must fill my empty tum, with chips and cheese and chops and peas, so stand aside for here I come!*"

The next moment, there in the great doorway, stood the house-high owner of the castle, Willie the Giant by name. Then as he sat himself down at the table he sang: "*A most amazing chap am I, for I can change my shape, into a sky-blue elephant or a hairy pink-eyed ape.*"

"He speaks poetry, too!" whispered Goofy.

Then Donald's eyes began to water and his beak began to itch and although he tried very hard not to sneeze again he just had to. "Ah-ah-ah-TISHOO!" and then silly Goofy had to make it all worse by saying "I'd like to kick you little duck, for thanks to you we're out of luck!"



5. Mickey, Goofy and Donald were hiding behind a jug of wine when Donald sneezed. Willie the Giant peeped all round the table but failed to spot our chums. "What was that?" he shouted and the very walls of the castle trembled as he roared. "Only us!" squeaked Donald without thinking. Then he bolted across the table so swiftly the giant didn't see him. He dodged behind a butter dish, shaking in every limb. "H'm, maybe I heard the furniture creaking," muttered Willie and his mutter was like thunder. Then Mickey whispered to Goofy "We must find a better hiding place," and as he spoke, Goofy was across the tablecloth and under a lettuce leaf before you could say "Jack Robinson!" Mickey slipped under a piece of cheese but he couldn't have chosen a worse hiding place for the next moment Willie picked up the piece of cheese—and Mickey, too—and made himself a sandwich. You can imagine how surprised Willie was when after a few bites Mickey popped his head out and gulped "Gug-good afternoon, Mr. Man Mountain."

Next week the three chums find the magic Singing Harp.



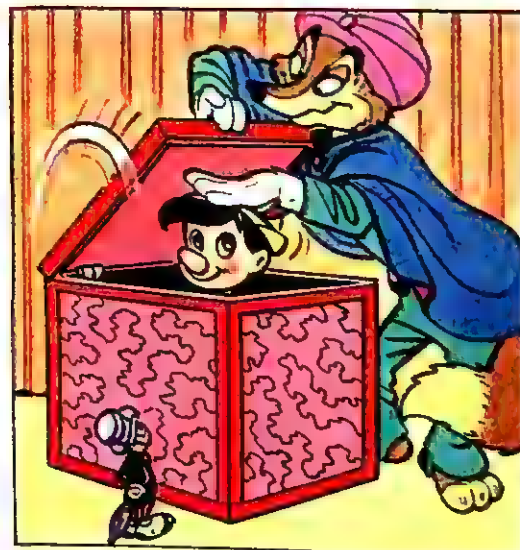
THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF PINOCCHIO



The other rainy Saturday
A concert came Pinocchio's way;
And as you see upon this page,
A conjurer came on the stage.



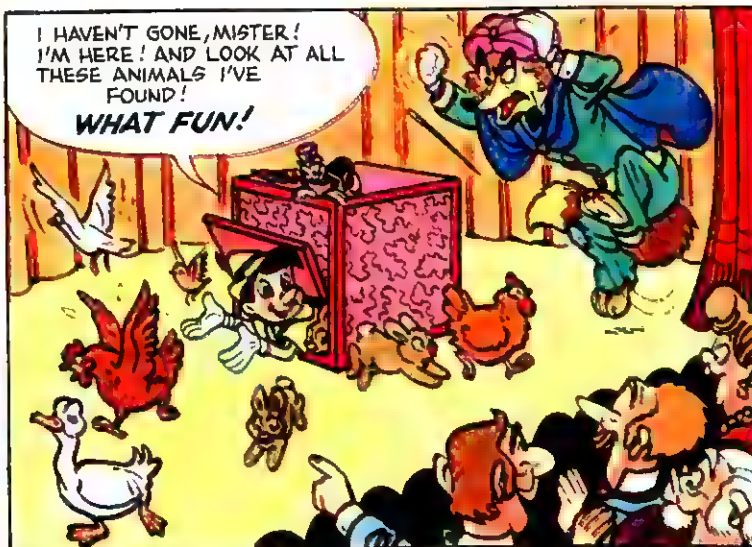
This chappy pointed to the boy
And in politeful voice said "Oy—
You, there, step inside my box!"
Said Pino: "Yes, sir, Mister Fox."



Now Pinocchio's a daring kid,
And up he stepped, by gum, he did.
And when the chap had waved his wand,
Why, there was young Pinocchio—gonned!



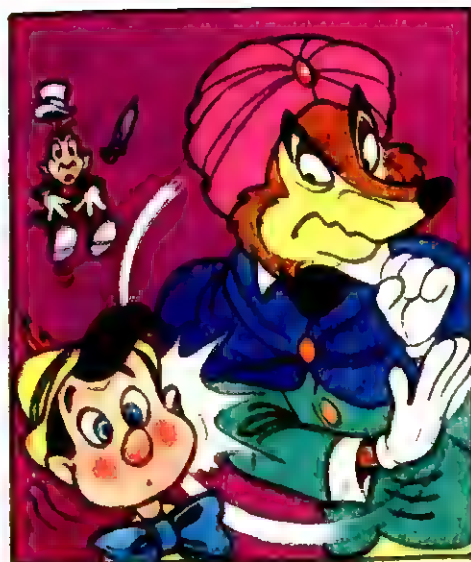
'Twas clear the wizard didn't know,
Our wooden little so and so,
Or he would not have ever thought
The lad could be so simply caught.



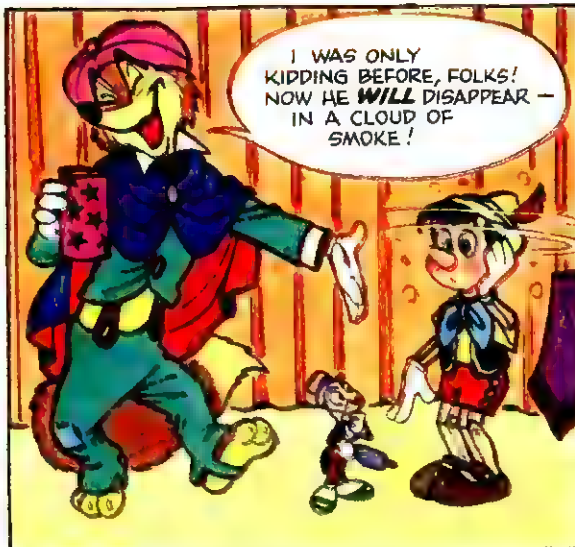
The box had got a bottom false,
And wizard danced with rage a waltz,
When animals rushed out two by two,
Enough to fill a little zoo.



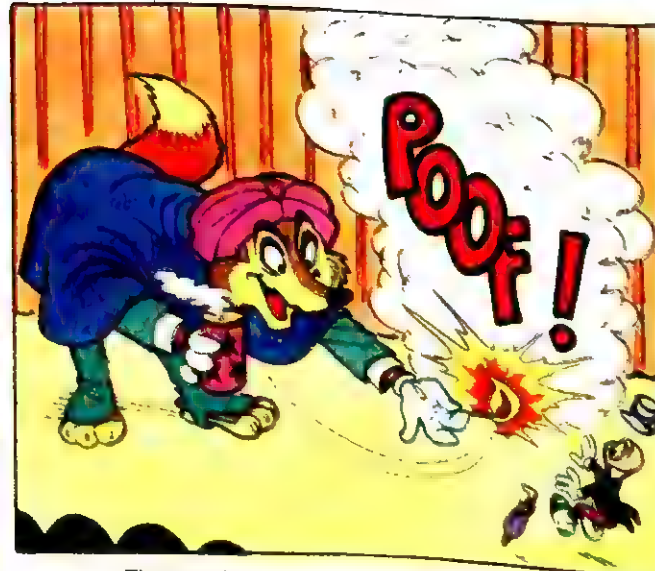
When Pino popped his head in view,
Chap mumbled naughty word or two,
And swiping lovingly his jaw,
Said: "Don't do that there any more!"



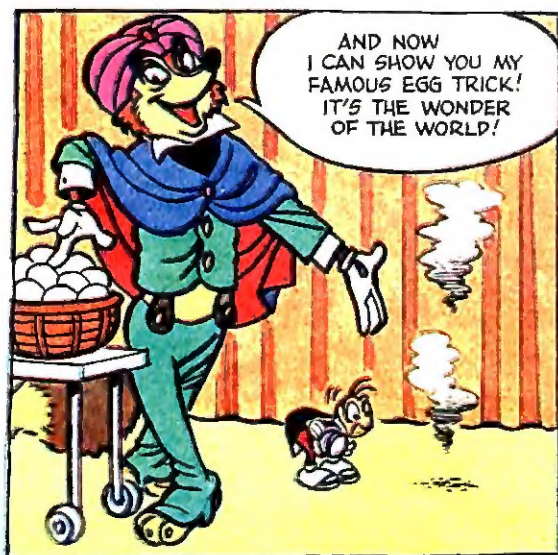
Well, then he tried to tell the folks
That this was just one of his jokes.
While Pino's ear rang loud and long,
Just like Gepetto's dinner gong.



At last the wizard choked his rage,
And put some powder on the stage
Which with a safety match he lit,
So that it flashed and sparked a bit.



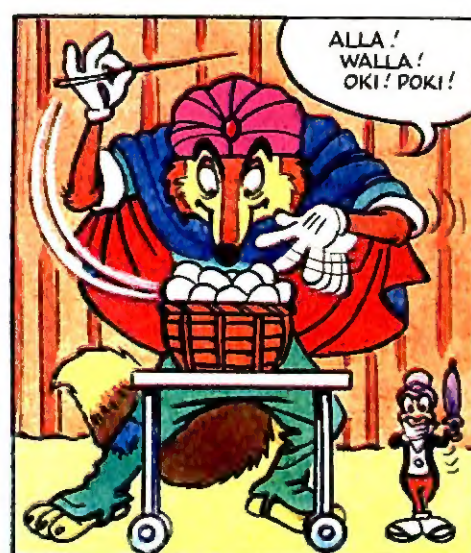
Then smoke brought tears to folk's eyes,
And when they'd cleared, to great surprise,
The lad had melted in thin air,
To put it plain—he wasn't there!



But still this all was just a trick,
Which Pino thought a bit too thick,
As in mid-air he did a dance,
For he'd been hoisted up by pants.



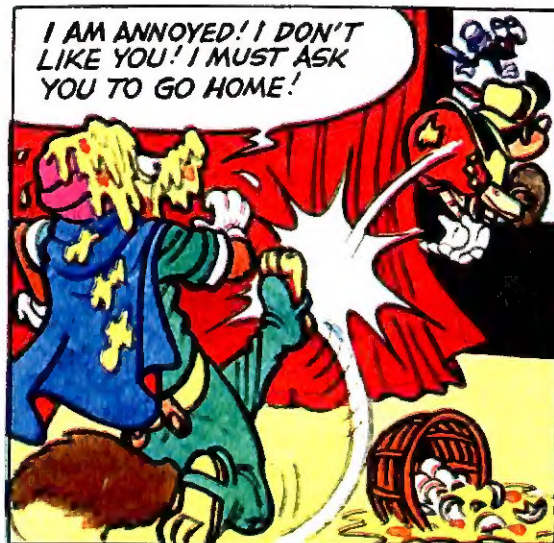
Yes, there he hung by great big hook,
So high he didn't dare to look,
Then suddenly his pants went "RIP!"
And down lad dropped *bazooka-zip*!



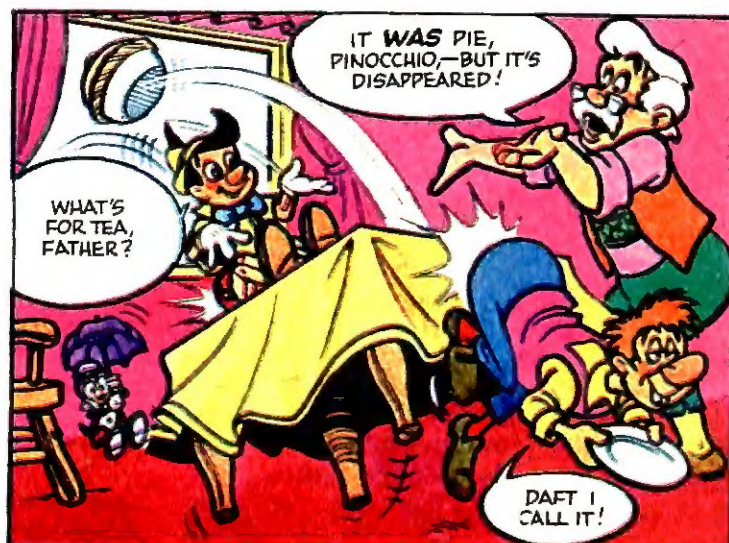
Below, the wizard cast a spell
O'er some eggs which, sad to tell,
Were so ancient and so old,
They as antiques could be sold.



Then down came Pino from aloft,
And found himself a landing soft,
Right on back of wizard's head—
You should have heard the things he said!



He stumbled here, he stumbled there,
That wizard stumbled everywhere,
Then got in such a shocking rage,
And kicked Pinocchio off the stage.



And homeward bound Pinocchio soared,
Gepetto's friend he truly floored.
Said Pino's father with a sigh
"You're just too late for apple pie!"

Maid Marian's RIDDLES

Hallo, dear reader,

You all know me, don't you? I'm the friend of brave Robin Hood, the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. He tells me that he knows you like riddles so here are a few to make you laugh.

1. How many hairs are there in Brer Rabbit's tail?
None. They are all outside.
2. What can the Sheriff of Nottingham put in his right hand that he cannot place in his left hand?
His left elbow.
3. Why is a strawberry like your lovely new paper?
Because it is red (read).
4. Why does Pluto bite his tail?
To make both ends meet.

I hope you like your new paper.

Your friend,
Maid Marian.



The Sword in the Stone



In days of old, when knights were bold,
There lived a gladsome lad,
Though full of joy, this little boy
Had neither mum nor dad.

They called him Wart (it rhymes with
cart)

But that was not his name,
And—big surprise!—he was to rise
To glory and to fame.

Not only that, this bonny brat
(Hooray! Let joy bells ring!)
Was meant to be, as you will see,
Of Britain, rightful king!

This is one of the most wonderful stories ever told. It tells of the adventures of a young lad whose real name was Arthur. At first he was called Art for short. And then because Wart rhymed with Art he was called Wart. And who first called him Wart? Why, his big bullying step-brother Kay.

Last week, in the first part of this story, you read all about those long-gone days in Britain when the people were trying to decide who should be the new ruler of their land.

You also read how there suddenly appeared, in a churchyard in London Town, a huge stone on top of which stood a mighty anvil. Thrust through the anvil and into the stone was a

sword with a message written on the handle. This was the message:

*Who pulleth out this sword of
this stone and anvil is right-wise
King born of Britain.*

Though many brave knights and kings from other lands had striven to pull the sword from the anvil, not one had succeeded and as time went by, everyone forgot about it. Tangled weeds and thorny briars began to grow over the rusting anvil.

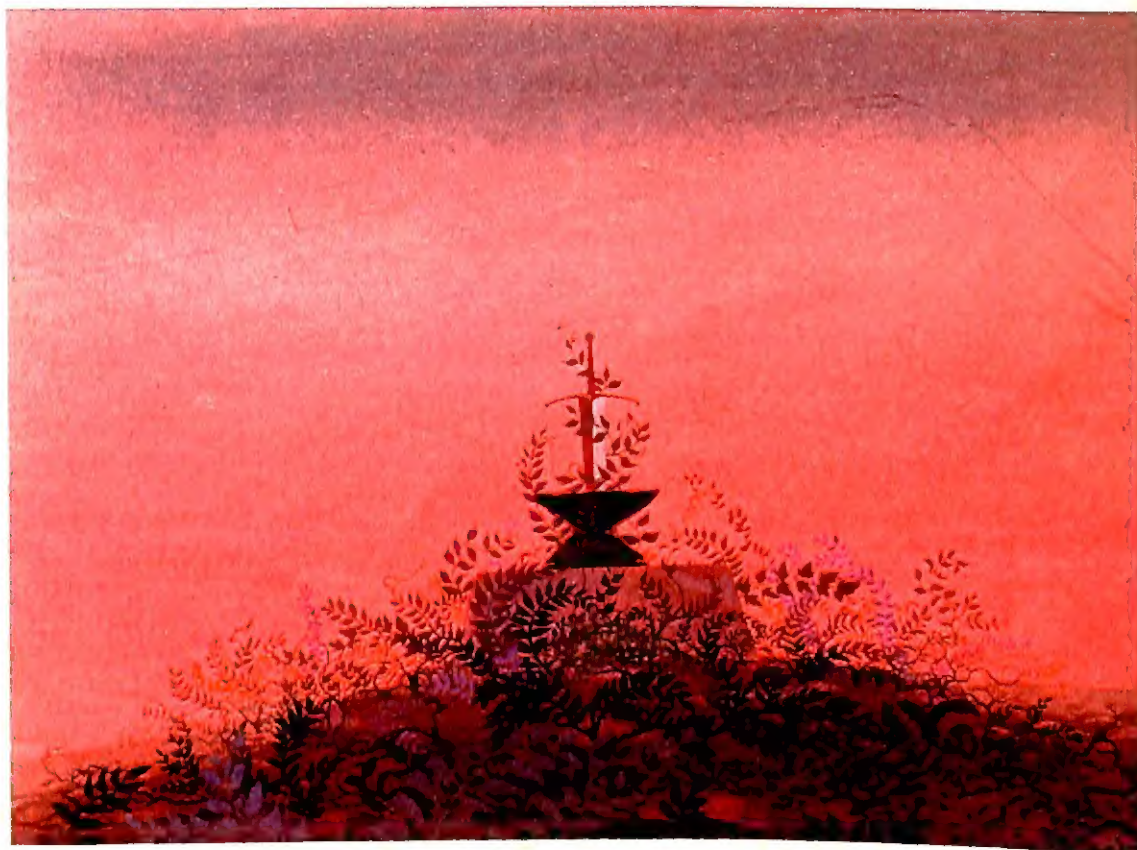
One of the knights who lived in those distant days was called Sir Ector. He had a son called Kay, a dull stupid youth, and an adopted son called, as we have said, Wart. He was as cheerful as he was skinny.

Kay took great delight in ordering Wart around like a slave from dawn till dusk but happy-go-lucky Wart never seemed to mind.

He was always left very much to himself for everybody thought he was of no importance.

But that wasn't to say that he had no friends at all. Oh no, for he had many friends. Not other boys and girls, though. Wart's friends were the animals and birds who made their homes in the dense woodlands surrounding the castle.

On many occasions, Wart would slip away from his hard work and spend a happy hour chatting merrily to some little creature. Cyril the



Squirrel, in particular, was one of Wart's especial favourites.

Upon a certain day, Kay decided to go to the greenwood to practise with his bow and arrows and he ordered boy Wart to go along with him. Now Kay wasn't a particularly good archer.

So, quietly, Wart climbed a nearby tree and waited for Kay to shoot.

Very importantly Kay drew an arrow from his quiver and laid it to his bowstring. Then he looked about him for a suitable target.

"That yonder sapling!" he murmured and raising his bow, drew the string back to his ear. He was about to shoot when CRRR-RRACK! a sudden sound made him start with surprise and the next moment his arrow shot through the air, narrowly missing Cyril the Squirrel who had come down to watch Kay.

MORE FREE FIGURES

for your aeroplane mobile

In this issue are more free figures and the propeller for your aeroplane mobile. Fitting the propeller is easy. Robin Hood and Maid Marian are to hang from the tail wings. Practical Pig and Sir Hiss the snake should be hung from the front of the main wings. NEXT WEEK, YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR MORE FIGURES—LADY AND THE TRAMP, BALOO AND MOWGLI. So be sure to get your copy of "The Wonderful World of Disney."



The loud noise that had startled Kay was caused by the breaking of the branch on which Wart was seated.

KER-PLONK! Wart landed on the soft turf with a thump and Kay booted him angrily.

"Get up!" he rapped out. "Get up and go and find my arrow. Arrows cost money and I'm not losing one due to your stupidity."

"I'm sorry, Kay," replied Wart and obediently trotted away to look for the arrow. Behind him, Kay watched him go and then because the day was warm and Kay, who was a lazy fellow, felt tired, he sat down with his back to a tree and promptly fell asleep.

Meanwhile Wart was looking everywhere for the lost arrow. So keen was he to find Kay's arrow that he paid little attention to his own safety, for a savage hungry wolf had

spotted him and was stealthily following him.

Its cruel eyes watched the boy as he searched for the lost arrow. Kay's bow was powerful and the arrow had sped through the trees for over a quarter of a mile.

At last Wart's attention was taken by a bright shaft of sunlight that shot through the branches overhead and there gleamed the arrow, its point buried deep in one of the topmost branches of a tall tree.

On the instant Wart leaped up and catching hold of one of the lower branches swung himself up into the tree. He was just in time for as he leaped so did the wolf and its great teeth snapped shut, missing the lad's foot by scarcely an inch. The wolf had leaped to the attack so silently that Wart had not realised his narrow escape.

Up into the tree climbed Wart,

until at last he was within reach of Kay's arrow.

He stretched out his hand to pull it from the tree when he felt the branch he was standing on suddenly give way beneath his feet.

CRRR-RRRUNCH! For the second time that day Wart fell . . . but this time he did not fall heavily to the ground. To his complete surprise he tumbled right through the open roof of a little cottage.

Down, down, down . . . and neatly into a chair beside a table on which a meal had been prepared.

On the other side of the table sat a funny little man in a long blue robe and pointed hat. And beside the little man sat an owl with severe eyes.

"Good afternoon," said Wart politely.

(Next week: Kay makes friends with Merlin the Magician).



THIS STORY OF A LITTLE HERBERT WILL PLEASE YOU MORE THAN A FIZZY SHERBERT!

The WALRUS and the Carpenter



The Walrus will be lending somebody a helpful hand again next week. Don't miss the fun!